

# #2

Fall 2005

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Wherever we put our hats is our home  
Our aged heads are our homes

--Louis Zukofsky

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### **A Box of Fruit Arrives From California**

It came from the sky, mostly.  
To see what life was like I asked the man pushing his car.  
Pieces fit pressed against each other or magnets "work hard."  
A joke, a dense work of metal.

Even the eagle was cold.  
Snow piled on the curb, plows moved around.  
Making sure they were safe I said goodbye, cotton.  
A wool sweater, independent.

Carry your body as you would a baby.  
Possession: "I never knew how exciting addiction could be."  
Walking over ice, I take smaller steps.  
A trench leads to each house.

Our rent was due: the streets were full of snow.  
These types of ideas.  
Earlier we managed to push his car out.  
A path leads from each house.

## **Republics**

Halloween was cancelled in Russia this year.  
We didn't talk much about ourselves, there wasn't any time.  
Dilapidated city block means Run Down.  
A thing in two is against itself.

This isn't a geo-political statement.  
We divide into pieces.  
Proudly associated with the beautiful world.  
There is a will there is a will.

In Russia they wonder if the "old guard" has moved on.  
We contain each other.  
Compare your notes.  
One representation, two.

It's too cold to party (unless you're in Russia).  
We nod over breakfast, hands over the sun.  
Baby's neck or man hands?  
One fallout loves the other.

**"I now think of your poems as assignments."**

A classic is something that is always nice.  
I don't remember: I don't remember being small.  
If there is no theory it was "nice to see you."  
City: those who may have developed.

A snake bashes its front tooth on a rock.  
I shook my head yes, empty.  
As in something one writes well of.  
Terrified, the sun rose early.

A garden insists on itself and pushes the dirt aside.  
"My dear quiet love," she wrote.  
It was a small moon but managed to guide us.  
Summer lives alone.

We write poems like zippers.  
I love you like a pig in a barnyard.  
Towards an immense capital, a caustic depth.  
Soap is clean, by definition.

## **Poem (Strangers)**

"It is the will of the Gods

"...that you are okay -my friend

"Towards a certainty of intention

"Towards a clarity of intention

"...we may inflict...mechanism...without consent

uses us but heck who can blame it? I'd use us too

appear I've forgotten what's right? An inflection, forever

"Real work is real pleasure

are there times when a disturbance\_\_\_\_\_

...exists in isolation...

"We are social animals

Ken Rumble  
from *Key Bridge*

15.i.2002

And now that Ali can barely speak  
they put him on TV three days a week.

17.i.2002

The sweep of the city laid out like feathers -  
even the air above, the city's.  
Take this, take this city, spin it  
like a saucer, see how it loves

its people, see the view from New Hampshire,  
see what the city offers silent as red.  
And what am I here?  
4am, driving home without a job?

14.vii.2002

Red hands:  
clock numbers:  
the love of a city:  
love for water  
as a love for needles:  
holding needles and water:  
holding this city like an ocean:  
like holding an ocean from below:  
and the camera and the white shirt buttons  
coming in fast before the black and the focus --  
no -- the hours we send out like newspaper  
boats and the ocean:

what if we don't find love  
hat if e don't find love  
ha if e don find love  
ha if don find lov  
ha if do fi d lov  
ha if o fi lov  
ha i o i lov

[21.xi.2002

white lightening, white collar, white slavery, white lies

*white boy: 2. A favorite, pet, or darling boy. A term of endearment for a boy or (usually) a man.*

white sale, white fish, white bread, white caps, white wedding, white Christmas

*whited: now rare or arch. 1. Covered or coated with white.*

white house, white haired, white hot, white house, white tea

*white man: 1. A man clothed in white. 2. A man belonging to a race having naturally light-colored skin or complexion: chiefly applied to those of European extraction. b. US Slang: A man of honorable character such as one associates with a European (as distinguished from a Negro.)*

white meat, white tail, white wash, white out, white walls, white water, white wine, white witch, white pages, white space, white paper, white power, White Mountains, egg white

#### *The Lair of the White Worm*

white death, white people, off-white, white bred, white paternoster, white magic

#### *White Moors: a nickname for the Genoese.*

white flag, white Russian, white knight, white whale, white sands, white skin, white breasts, white eyed, white face, white elephants, white head, white noise, white chocolate

#### *the whites of their eyes*

white lies, white slavery, white cheddar, white buffalo, white snake, white dwarf

*Tribal lore is always sacred and dangerous.]*

[28.xi.2002

Cold Thanksgiving, still all  
tomatoes won't grow now, but we thank them  
Thanksgiving: the question being:  
to whom? and (of course) where?

I thank you: Amos, Violet, Heather, Mom, Dad, Ann, Scott, Johnnie Mae, Grandmom, Lili, Mark, Michelle

the place of giving -- the place to which something is given --  
a receiver, receptacle: something still,  
out of the movement

they say *the universe ends when it stops*

Cecil, Jim, Charlotte, Robin, Lyrae, Lisa, Kim, Sara, Mike, Erin, Jack, Jeff, Chris, Matthew

the *stars orbit each other*  
that looking out (away) into the dark and light of the night  
that looking out from the city (or what have you  
that looking at this sky and seeing two near stars paired, pinpricks of white  
in this black sky, this night, and seeing these stars,  
that seeing them, the after-image of them,  
that they could be compared, the man and his boy -- his boy doing all the killing  
orbits and absence, the lack of straight lines in this hyperbolic space

Kirby, Kim, Patty, Dan, Hugh, Jon, Mick, Sunny, Marc, Ginger, Andy, Karola, Mark, Christine, Tammy, David, Evie, Lisa, Jennifer

that *sight is a measure*, the lean and sway of each path -  
the *sight* as a metaphor for the path in that sphere -- binary stars  
& a black man & a black boy: the far metaphor,  
that *other, unknowable* metaphor  
that the distance between self and object, the distance  
that you measure it, the travel of light to another

stars and magazines

Mark, Lee, Jolie, Jane, Kemp, Mary, Tamis, Liz, Jodie, Kathy, Sam, Joe, Will, Catfish, Sam, Sherry

the city left with the in & outs  
the city holding you still

Kathryn

It's cold there today I know, cold all through the Potomac like metal.

(I put my thanks in Washington

DC: the ease of it all]

Kate Schapira  
from *Divorce in Rhode Island*

The second day of her setback, we leave the couch and drive to Colt State Park. Easter Sunday, lunch in the trunk, egg trees in the yard. Fronted houses, brick pillars and pearly gates. The Samsonite factory's advertising for a carpenter. She wonders if it's a Jesus joke, filling us with hope for her. Cracks the width of a broom straw appear in the road. Weeds give off a stench. The freshness of being here: linked to our distance from the homestead? We adorn the short grass of a yellow field. "I used to think it all died back in the winter," she says, "and people kept their lawns green by superhuman effort." Erasing his text-messages with her bare thumb in the wilderness. We round a short bridge.

\*

How far before the other side. Foresight lensed, leaded, in big windows. A place at which a place can still be found, a speaking tube that can be sure of finding it. A ship is also an office; brass fittings spit up ropes to polish them. Forced view from the rail in a following sea. Nautical penance. Wind taps the rope against its flagpole, a basic haunting. Keep a sharp lookout at this point. Whitecaps rip off the oiled surface, the mast held for anyone burning to have the weather scrape their cheeks. Sign up for a hitch. Line abridges the skin of the palm. Look down in the sea-light. The unexpected adds to each share. Mends in belief are routine and costly. Everyone should be able to do it themselves.

\*

Imagine the deals swept by so briskly, negotiations, boilers of candy coating.  
Green, pink, yellow. Think of it stirred with a long stick, and the invoices for it.  
All this inferior quantity to be dried in the sun or kept limber, fed to slaves or sold.  
Once a course is set it ought to be like following the line down the middle.  
Stamped in a shipping office with other directives of a red never before seen.  
Satisfaction of tapping into a dynamo, succeeding like success, begins to leak.  
Along a ribbon the shining well-marked future. What's stored in the hold is  
nobody's business: we go to sea in order to forget.

\*

A toll. A stuffed animal in a truck bed echoes a real animal, clouds lift the sky out of its blue. One of us listens to her heartsickness instead of the radio. Melted brown pink and white mess converts to leafmold, and all the grubs work under the grass and under the concrete. From The Restaurant, how much more beautiful it becomes, seeing ourselves in it just as we were. What grows in fields that look empty grows underground, resisting drought, flood, chemical influx, overgrazing, transplant and some fires. A bumper crop of everywhere we turn. The other waitress comes out of the bathroom in a white skirt. Behind her we seem to see the flats, the line of hills, but it's wood veneer and the long spine of the counter. She turns to be seen. A waiter shakes the coffee pot with lemon, ice and salt to clean it. Preparations, chair rituals. Soon they'll dismantle The Restaurant, leave us in a shape of stuffy air. Rows of antiques. A month to think about it.

Jon Leon  
from *Diphasic Rumors*

19

Straightaway 5.6 rushed for the gate.  
4.8 scheduled tripwire past the horizon. Twin engines  
took 5.5 only so far. The hull collapsed. 5.6  
fell back on 4.6 life rafts. Preservers buoyed  
5.9 progress. Density marked 5.9 blazing  
voyages. Beneath the air tag an active fauna  
grazed peacefully on insecure & limitless desire.  
The streets of the lighted cities kept 5.7 awake  
till dawn. Nights stretched to endless paradigms.  
The cacophonous whispering never dissipated.

34

5.6 hooked the specs to 6.1 etching post.  
These efforts weren't eyes. Gondolas pasted  
by the channel, candles drip slows. Smoothing pink.  
O moon over, over. Broadcasts alfresco. Truth  
marked the date w/ 5.2. Soul was bifocal representative.  
"Of the usual 5.1!" 4.8 & 4.8 were there in the back-  
room fully transitioned. The dance, undulations.  
5.2 witty provocations scream sincere hurt for 5.2 loins.  
4.8 like perverted temp. Outside the opal canal.  
5.9 outside orgies, smooth blood blond.

## 104

5.1 didn't expect papparazzi with 5.9 return.  
Didn't expect this thing w/ the microclass - didn't  
ego germ strongarm. That's competition right, and 5.6  
are animals. Are luck-tinted sunshade. Speaker cabin,  
unbeatable comps, manta ray, opt out sting. You don't  
have to invite death into your quarters to prove you'll  
go along with him. That Night: lying unclothed on the  
hardwood with no blanket no pillow, and waking to the  
roaches scouring my chest was a kind of joy. Was a real  
unalienable moment. Recognizable blaze.

## 105

\_\_\_ wanted to escape - post Oct.Rev. "the  
Russian oil fields are among the greatest in the world,"  
office of economic advisor. Key issues [genoa] to  
escape finally that old roach psyche rat wall. Diplomacy :  
ignore : nationalized noir : were it N O T in '22.  
Hopes in business, [insert Yakovlev's *White Flower*]  
directly involved in the struggle they say, directly that is.  
Separate negotiations happening, all the way back The  
Standard-Nobel connexion. Protect these interests,  
let's drink some wine. Skillful biz.

**Ange Mlinko**

### **Ridden Pillion**

...That's the thing: receding loftspace, exposed pipes that could pass for clothes poles stripped of their closets, pressed tin or zinc ceilings with the futon's pattern reflected there like a suggestion that maybe the chamber was created by Matissean say-so, half boudoir half studio, the far end paintings stacked thick and the near end: opened envelopes, clementine crates, the vast landslide of a paper trove and double doors flung out not the honeyed glass of Amsterdam (Museum District) but an *andante* you couldn't even *play* yet it manages to shoehorn Proust into what's likely a Christmas carol -- What poignancy does the ragged hymen of looseleaf give to the kinky triplets coming down the scale to a phone number, an emigrant butterfly, and the *face in the sun* I'll have nightmares of?

Yellow leaves double light, make me squint like new snow.

Fingerprints on a windowpane: the beginning of painting?

The thing comes down on a jaw of pines and water towers.

It exercises cerise...

## **Royal Foliage**

In January there isn't the same participation.  
The tree which was lit up is dark.  
Nobody ever looks to see, anyway,  
if the level of scotch is where the tree was  
last time, out the window peering at the view  
of night exuding from a copse.  
When the smell of pinyon was new to you  
its reproducible effects were as a sidecar  
to wondrous existence.  
Scholarship: secret treasure. Poetry: Revolution!  
One window certainly can't cover another  
but from the day you were born this is as much as you had  
still having to perambulate, noticing the bas-relief  
of the beaver in the wall, the spumoni of April skies  
exuberance, triply

and this was the exception for everyone.

The tree moved again!

Kent Johnson

### Ojo al toro con tres cuernos

Dear Henry:

Your parable reminds me of an old Uruguayan saying, which begins, "*Beware of the bull with three horns.*" I wish I could remember the rest, but I can't. But I do remember once when I was 19, being at a barbecue in Punta del Este, in the days before it was totally trashed by the Brazilian and Argentine jet set. It was a big party of young YMCA members, about 25 of us, and everyone got a big hunk of fairly rare meat with the hide and fur still attached. I remember watching the 17 year-old girl I loved pick this up in her hands and chew and laugh. A kid, about the same age, picked up a guitar and started to sing a song by Daniel Viglietti, whose music was banned at the time, and everyone joined in, singing. By and by (for the neighbors had called) a black van and car both full of plainclothes cops arrived and started arresting everybody, and the kid with the guitar, who started to complain, got a long, black club across the face. The cop who was dragging away the girl I loved conveniently grabbed her breasts, and I stepped forward and yelled Hey! But then I didn't say anything more, afraid that I might get hit too. She tried to kick and punch back, but to no avail. She screamed at them that they were fascist pigs. The van drove away.

It was me and three or four 12 year olds who didn't get taken in. I was American, so the cops just took down some info and told me to watch it. OK, I said, I will. I took the bus back to Montevideo.

About two weeks later I saw the girl back at the Y. Our eyes met and then she quickly turned away. I started to say something but only half of it got out. Here and there I saw her a few times, but never spoke to her again. The kid playing the guitar was in for more than two years. No one died. I have no idea why in the world I'm saying this on this list. I know my posts are sometimes among the more idiosyncratic here and certainly not among the most esteemed. I don't fault anyone for that. In fact, I have come somehow to even like those who don't like me! Isn't that strange? But what is wrong with me? Forgive me for this creepily personal post! Something about not remembering the old saying about the bull with three horns draws me to say it, and also to remember the way that beautiful girl turned her eyes from me. It occurs to me now that if it weren't for what happened then that I wouldn't be typing this now on this list, whatever it might mean. It occurs to me that it turned me into everything that I became. I guess that sounds trite. And yes, ok, so I'm feeling a bit embarrassed, not very polished or admirable at all, aware that even this candor is another sad way of demeaning myself before all of you.

O, I really did feel like jumping over the cliff. Still do, actually. I wish poetry was a parachute that worked, but it doesn't, not when the cliff is real. I wanted, Henry, to say to you at the end, "Here, Henry, here is your purple hat." But now I don't want to say that--at least not in the clever way that I'd planned. Now I am feeling a little sad, sad for us both, but mostly selfishly sad for myself, and I feel like being quiet for a long while. I know that you might well be thinking that I don't need to be sad for you, and of course you would be right. And I guess in the end, after all this time, after all those years of trying to forget, that's all that I have to say about that half-remembered saying.

Kent

Kent Johnson  
From *Epigrammititis: 111 Living American Poets*

Kenneth Koch

Thanks to his poem about a garbage can  
lid being smashed into a likeness of King  
George the Third's face, my sixteen year old  
son is now writing poetry. This activity has  
recently led him into drinking alcohol and  
experimenting with drugs, which makes  
it difficult for me to say, but I'll say it  
anyway: Thank you, Kenneth Koch,  
for your marvelous contributions to Poetry.

\*

David Shapiro

Xenophon: horses shouldn't be spoken to because the gods have not  
granted them the gift of speech.

What is scale versus size? Eight inches for this horse by Delacroix.

Why horses? We kill them, we zoo them, finally we have conservancies.

Human beings come to the Museum of Natural History, die, and then we put  
their bones on display.

Animals as the Id.

So little landscape, so few animals.

Oh panorama frightened as a horse.

I cried Stop to a horse--idiot that I was.

It bolted on me, it being he.

I became lucid and stayed on.

I was told: You will never ride that fast again, even if you become the best horseman,  
better than any in the army of Agamemnon.

Horses speak to Achilles: Poor wretch, racing to his early death.

The talking horse etc., O Homer.

Goodbye, goodbye, mane, genitals, and the ravishingly pink nostrils, and the gaze of an all too human horse.

(Lightning as attenuated God.)

And what does a horse think thunder is but a big big horse, a horse on wheels pulled by massive braids of hemp?

Goodbye, goodbye, winged David Shapiro, thanks a lot for fucking up my life when I found your poetry at seventeen. In this painting you are galloping into the sky. And I am here, the child riding his Father's shoulders, holding a balloon and waving.

\*

Dale Smith

Dale Smith looks like a young Robert Wagner. Once, I said to him, “Compared to astronomers or molecular physicists, we poets are nothing.” He typed back, “Yes, that’s very true. But we’ve made our choices, it’s too late to turn back, and now we just have to go for all the marbles.”

\*

Philip Whalen

“No, no, no,” growled the Roshi, when I called him on the phone to ask that he write an essay for a book I was editing. “The last thing I’m going to do is write an essay on the relationship between Zen and poetry. I mean, what makes you think either one even exists, for fuck’s sake? I mean, give me a break. Goodbye.” Click.

\*

### Stephen Ellis

Stephen Ellis is a true heir of Jack Clarke, himself a true heir of Charles Olson. Reading his poems, one often gets a profound sense of dangerous and hermetic abandon, as if the poem were a syringe, and one's arm were extended into the dark, on a dark table.

\*

### David Bromige

I sat with him in Samuel Pepy's rooms at Cambridge. He was the guest of honor at the 2004 CCCP. There were antiques all around us and portraits on the walls of men from the 18th century. We talked pleasantries, while the leaded glass refracted a hard ray of light into his thin, pale head. The river flowed under the rooms; the punts with their straw-hatted boys slid on the river under the rooms. There were purple and yellow flowers along the banks of the river, and small yellow birds, too. Isn't the river sliding under the rooms lovely, said Cecilia, his wife, handing me a glass of wine, with all the flowers and the birds? Yes, I said, it certainly is, and I felt as if history were moving like a river beneath me, or through me. Would you please push me to the loo, my love, said David, beside the clock, in his chariot chair. Because I have to take the kind of piss that would scare the shit out of a Saskatchewan moose.

\*

### Peter Gizzi

I've been seeing his stunning photograph for years now in APR, the one where his head is leaning on his hand and his burning cigarette (which he is holding in the hand upon which his head is leaning) seems stuck into his skull like one of those plant-food sticks that help your geraniums grow. And I always want to wave my arms and yell, really loud: "Watch out Peter Gizzi, you young and handsome minstrel, watch out-don't be like Michael Jackson and let your hair catch on fire!"

\*

John Wieners

The incomparable beauty  
of much of his poetry  
makes me think, as I lie in a  
hammock polishing my lenses:  
Have I wasted my life on the Ph.D. track  
instead of disarranging my senses with smack  
and driving a blue car through the stars?

\*

Fanny Howe

She's a bit of a Christian Talmudist,  
as if Dickinson had come back and could  
believe. Something huge and metallic  
draws signs in the sky over elaborate  
systems of tunnels and caves. I hope she's  
right that there is another place outside  
"this purgatory of letters and things."  
I mean above the signs, and not below.

\*

Ray Di Palma

In the letters page of *Lingua Franca*,  
Ray Di Palma had an argument with  
Bruce Andrews and Charles Bernstein  
over who came up with the idea for  
the equals signs. Di Palma said it was he  
who did; Andrews and Bernstein said it  
was they who did. Each tacitly accused  
the other of intellectual theft and the  
willful revision of literary history. One thing  
is certain: Somewhere, a naughty, naughty  
Author is L=Y=I=N=G.

\*

### Russell Edson

A man is beating a dead horse in his living room. “I’m going to beat the shit out of you,” he screams, beating it, repeatedly, with an implement. The years go by. Literary magazines rise and fall. The horse shrinks down to a mummified chalk. All the furniture in the room goes out of fashion. “I’m going to beat the shit out of you,” screams the man. “I’m going to beat the fucking living shit out of you, you motherfucking horse.”

\*

### John Latta

For having done duty and received blessing, I will consider him, the fair poet  
and the blogger.

For he keeps the Lord’s watch in the night against the adversary.

For he has the subtlety and hissing of a serpent, which in goodness he suppresses.

For when he takes his prey he plays with it to give it a chance.

For he is an instrument for the children to learn equanimity upon.

For he is the quickest to his mark of any blogger.

For he is tenacious of his point and points thusly.

For he is a mixture of gravity and waggery, which he speaks idiosyncratically.

For he begins to clean himself, dreaming of antique orthography.

For the divine spirit comes about his body to sustain it in complete Poetry.

For his tongue is exceeding pure so that it has in purity what it wants in music.

For he is hated by the hypocrite avant formalizers and the miser official versifiers  
who make darkly in 69.

For the former (the hypocrite) is afraid of detection.

For the latter (the miser) refuses the charge.

For he killed the Ronny Icneumon-rat very pernicious by land and Name.

For by stroking of me he has found out electricity.

For its current passes from me through him and from him through me  
in ever accelerating velocities of circuitous electricity.

For from this proceeds the passing quickness of my God’s attention.

For though he cannot fly he is an excellent clamberer.

For he is of the tribe of Tiger and his body is wreathed round seven times in flame,  
which comes from the Spark.

For he can swim for life while others drown.

iii

time's beard grows off  
your maxilla & I, the pricker  
take nothing back  
as you the rattler

will continue inside me

& Elvira, let's throw her  
to the cooker & douse her in  
a bastard's game of chips

jjj

if we could only *rowboat 1*  
to *grey light 1*

h h h

asphalt working worker boys  
I gun giver asphalt  
fucking working boys on glittering  
black top

like inside trolley cars from  
this side of town to arcane

city organ pipes, the clockwiser  
album of clove leaves  
where you & I will remain bound  
in Ricard's Flowers, blood, jewels

sss

you pea jacket & jeans  
lwhite workers shirt  
& saddle oxfords

pivovarov: *project of everyday  
articles for lone man*  
no not a diamond stiletto to throat  
but ocelot's timorous purr to sleeve  
for that fall we had it all

confetti blazers & a gunner's shack

**laws: of deaths, dailies, speculations, nascence (shares)**

not collected but selected, distressed, trials in immigration  
a toothbrush and a pair of panties, documents, couches, months  
pay your dues, does duty endemically infect, duly denied  
dance halls elicit soft weeps  
black birds incandesce with blue heads unmarried young  
casually waiting for benign acceptance  
suffocated, sublime, incipient, ellis island, someone's dead, someone's law  
about to try in unapologetic quaver in a strange land  
i am but a dent in the public bus of your friendship  
unbaptized puppeteer, still living, the gates lockless and smile unglued  
unmemorized mesmerized missing a lot remembering and missing  
how you can know anything and how you can know nothing  
a colony, a settlement, a commune, a painter, a bus driver, a boaster, a talent in blood  
“taking advantage of a situation is not necessarily stealing”  
the word or song or salt that can't be translated or approximated or coaxed nostalgia not  
a posture or situation elicits a condemned response  
incomplete knowledge, the time of day, shifts, nighties, possibilities or closures or flux

## **tactics: speculative, speculative**

practice recently produces outside cry out of course bound yet particular in so critical head to head

coarse effects neutralize to old world ask constrict condition terns and hoots to determined fanfare retrieve

agress to rearrange

move derives borrowed to situate pose snoop not lingerie but portraiture tracing the rather missionary proportion

ease and disease swarm like rosy roses. art and disart distract and frame brokenly

tudor houses photograph coquettishly

heightened younger commercial enterprise enterprising crow or bar skittish terrain if copper tempts the shopper willing

largesse rather alternatively lurks in evident forfeiture of lacy agency. not numbly burnished but thimbles make the look and feeling forgetful

**laws: of deaths, dailies, speculations, nascence (shares)**

from one building to another building to another building  
“what is this world about?”  
unsuccessfully hidden in a drainpipe, eyes in a black of black  
as a bellows, as a posture, lactating and providing, embellishing and usurping  
a foul on the word seminal, a curse on george bush’s eyes  
philosophy, thought, attitude, window, lore, narrative, altitude, window, my favorite  
“liberty and be well is a beautiful melody”  
in memory the phrase unbroken, in present passed away  
records, registries, vinyl discs, vinyl purses, coins, memories, techniques  
suspicion that something’s not quite right, elevated  
potential virus, potential reprimand  
the amount of money necessary to hearken back to the good old days  
indescribably music which needs no description nor describes  
partial geography, elevator, ashen, partial meteorology  
to make amends, though happenstance’s fault is lady luck’s gain  
each to each and each to all, to have not yet met to meet  
longingly walked longingly into the convex night stoic parabolic

### **tactics: the sore leg of possible persuasions**

fennel as much overlooked whelms quietly  
winded into displays of dazzling dependence

or bluebirds which of unseen none take the  
route leisurely of debauchery when swimmingly  
it freeways past hours raucous pier

attention attention where the red flag pinks  
primly as transparency in rough wood heard  
over shoulder has designs

fills the throat gravel-wise if talking the case  
were in tow or lime green it falter

rented cityscape -- drive baby drive -- drawn  
doorway to exit here less rustic than rushed

how enough time one does to pay (exhaustion)  
attention enough to the girls and then in uniform  
to dress or instead levitate

so as fixtures to comfortable appreciate were  
scant skew suture too relative to suspend yet  
suspended having sore bitten

were been biblical in its propulsions were  
portions with nude smile serviced which waxed  
solace to take preventive measures to primp  
plump regret

on avenue plum or motorcade registration  
-- being delineated and having retired -- in the  
railroad track sky sense of blue the word or  
shack and let's shall we

### **laws: of deaths, dailies, speculations, nascence (shares)**

list: bananas, apples, nerve, yogurt, beer, perspicacious  
looming flatly over the looming sky  
the distance ardent asserts its orange disc though lovingly  
for profit we might do other things lovingly  
literal designs floating lovingly off on an unexpected wind  
teased into substance, preferring natural light  
if there were other things to do, precision maintenance or at bay  
disappointingly, lovingly, there were laws against that sort of thing  
wrecks of vehicles orbiting the decades, an odor, proliferations  
the pigeon exhibited a lovely white and grey pattern in splotches  
mantra repetition consent, does no good, nevertheless occurs  
hired to perform a service  
no need to count, to collate, damage, slipshod, and then what  
he was frisked though evidently nude of intent and cuffed  
perform it, petticoats, delude it, disillusion, condense it, take it as a cue  
a catch-22 in which the split where upset the how into being quite different  
true to form, it began and began again, truly formidable, ex post facto formulaic

Jess Mynes  
from *Penny Dreadful*

### Trouble is My Business

black tailor-made suit  
shirt, shiny black blue  
shoe-buttons, shake ash  
where flakes of it curled.  
a bar lizard and backchat,  
like Fred Allen was  
a commando can-can, now  
can't quite. it's a cinch you  
might do. one sided smile  
pockets of a velvet smoking  
jacket. the door opposite  
where I came in with  
water on the brain, screwy  
is right! highball draining, "call  
me a taxi, a pigmy, a manmade,  
other movements pale."  
cuter than hell with those  
on. it stung. all out  
of hooch. jolting open a dirty  
spittoon. locked. I knocked,  
looked thick-set, "well if  
it ain't old Carmady,"  
the dog-catcher. I believe.  
fussed around. any ideas  
about whatnot, not since  
I left off my diapers.

## **Twisted Lust**

the tender flesh  
of never mind  
our personal feelings.  
decided to fix everything  
her own sex. glad to get  
going at last.  
the interesting people seem  
to be mired in ash.  
the one, a bare-breasted  
sequence. wild nights with  
some Julio, more crude  
than gossip. the carpenters  
sent out the previous  
afternoon, stand around,  
like idiots born of the  
all-night rain. weather stayed  
cold. their ring of leantos  
shaken to shape.  
understudy's taking over.  
I hurt? Tell me. Please

## **The Case of the Sulky Girl**

you see him frequently,  
he's under bond trace  
of impatience, of fix it so.  
several seconds in silent  
hellcat fights, will or of  
the decree, her way.  
fooling duties will consist  
smack in the middle  
of that line of talk...  
then the butler's voice.  
getting some money  
for her, at the corner of the  
boulevard, if you could  
drive big boned with one  
foot on the running unemotional  
face. this Buick, reportedly  
false and contradictory.  
in a pink of negligee,  
aided and abetted withhold.  
the opening statement.  
drunk when we found him,  
“of course it is enough my way,”  
lip in an agony, bench-wise.  
still the matter of redirect  
examination. newsboys who  
have all too much to say

## Stag Night

elderly autumn flies  
surveyed, nodding slowly  
and returned indoors,  
a perfect about-face --  
no pride in service.  
smoking-room beforehand  
ill-fitting garment, a single  
jewel. point to the dancer.  
chants of clarinets, stiff  
gestures of Englishman  
hands, watch the old bag  
begun to step out, perfumed  
flesh and penciled eyes, forehead  
so strong as a despoiler --  
women given all too much  
credit . an opportunity to  
interfere, her lower hips  
harness airtight tins of a bride's  
first biscuit sluiced down shoes  
first, in company with most  
waiters. cranny of the necks,  
"go to see the movies"  
"I ain't enjoyed nothing  
better in a long while"  
sheepishly at the shoes again  
"not since last Stag Night"  
"did you? have you? do you?"



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